Beauty in the Eye of Beholder

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/42750888.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Alana Bloom & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Alana Bloom, Jack Crawford, Bedelia Du Maurier
Additional Tags:	please read tags carefully, Implied/Referenced Suicide, just for a second, Implied/Referenced Rape/Non-con, not between will and hannibal, cause GOD NO, Hannibal Lecter is the Chesapeake Ripper, Will is a victim, but - Freeform, Dark Will Graham, Hannibal just wanted to help I promise, POV Alana Bloom, Consultant Alana Bloom, Alana Bloom as Hannibal Lecter's Psychiatrist, Caring Hannibal Lecter, Kinda, Will Graham is a Mess, Letters
Language:	English
Series:	Part 5 of Incomplete (One-shots)
Stats:	Published: 2022-10-31 Words: 1,077 Chapters: 1/1

Beauty in the Eye of Beholder

by Lyla_Joy

Summary

Hannibal Lecter. One of the most notorious serial killers was recently caught after escaping from the Baltimore State Hospital For The Criminally Insane.

Alana Bloom has been tasked with finding out what he has done during those years, as well as prying into his mind to see how he ticked. She was ready to take on this job since it would not only boost her career but help stump her curiosity about this stigma of a man.

But how does one Will Graham tie into all of this?

(PLEASE READ TAGS AND AUTHOR NOTES JUST IN CASE. IT'S NOT REALLY DARK, BUT IT HAS SOME DARK THEMES MENTIONED)

Notes

Okay, just a few little warnings:

- There is a mention of suicide in like one line it's not even big but just letting you guys know.
_ Same goes with the rape. It's not stated by word, but it's implied. I want to spoil it and say that, no, Hannibal did not do anything to Will. That was someone else doing, and trust and believe that Hannibal dealt with it.
- This story is not dark, but it includes dark themes such as the two stated above and a hint of drug use and of Hannibal's quote-on-quote past. Killing and cannibalism, but you are reading a Hannibal fanfic, so that's a giving, to be honest.
- Anything that may or may not happen between Hannibal and Will was completely CONSENSUAL.

If I missed anything, please let me know in the comments <3

All mistakes are mine.

See the end of the work for more notes

“Isn’t that an unorthodox question, Dr. Bloom?” questioned Hannibal with a slight smirk on his face.

Alana bristled a little but kept her face blank.

Hannibal Lecter, also known as the Chesapeake Ripper and Hannibal the Cannibal, has been in Baltimore State Hospital For The Criminally Insane for three months since his escape three years ago. Hannibal’s kill count went through the roof throughout those three years, almost suppressing his previous count. They caught him in a home on Virginia’s outskirts with a young man, later identified as Will Graham. No one knows why Hannibal kept Will instead of eating and displaying him like his other victims.

That’s where Alana comes in.

Hannibal has run eight psychiatrists out of BSHCI in the past two months. Four left crying, three quit angrily, and it is now confirmed that one has committed suicide. No one knows what was said during those meetings since they occurred in a private room on the hospital’s far side. She was recommended by Jack Crawford, Agent-in-Charge of the Behavioral Science Unit of the FBI, to become Hannibal’s new psychiatrist because of her ability to get through even the most rigid exteriors. Alana happily agreed. If she could get enough information out of Hannibal, it would boost her career and help fill her curiosity about the man. As well as helping with his therapy, which she knows will not help him, she is consulting on the case of Will Graham.

Alana is, however, beginning to slowly regret her previous enthusiasm.

“On the contrary, it is within the range of orthodox Dr. Lecter,” replied Alana watching as visual pleasure appeared on the man’s face at the title. When she read up on his case, she saw that he despised rudeness and concluded the only way to gain his trust was to call him by his title.

Hannibal studied her with a tilted head. His brown eyes, almost a deep red color, were lit with amusement while his face remained blank. Finally, he leaned back in his chair and said, “I will tell you what I informed the FBI. I did not do anything to or for Mr. Graham that he did not previously ask for.”

Alana’s eyes narrowed in. “We found him in the master bedroom of the home. We did a drug test and found traces of barbiturate in his blood. He was bruised and unconscious when the FBI arrived at the scene. Did Mr. Graham honestly ask for that?”

He crinkled in the corner. Whether from frustration or amusement, Alana does not know. “I am aware of how Mr. Graham was presented.”

“So you are also aware of the other test we had to do,” said Alana, keeping her voice calm. She swallowed back the bile that wanted to come out as she stared into the man’s eyes. “We checked for internal damage and were lucky to see that the bruises were only on the skin and could fade away in time. But we came across some internal tearing that will heal with the

proper care and will not harm Mr. Graham in the future or cause any medical problems. So I have to ask, did you rape Will Graham?"

All amusement in his eyes disappeared so quickly Alana could have sworn that it was never. His stare was so cold that she repressed a shiver and tried her best to keep direct eye contact with him. Her eyes snapped down to his hands which were handcuffed to the iron chair he was sitting in, and if Alana were to look under the table, she knew his legs would be tied to the chair as well. Alana watched as his hands clenched into fists before he forced them to relax, causing her to look back at his face.

"I am many things," Hannibal started eerily calm. "But I am not a rapist. Those are the people I eat for lunch."

Alana couldn't stop the shudder that ran through her. How can she forget that not only was this man a serial killer but a cannibal? Taking a second to collect herself, she said, "We found evidence of rape, Dr. Lecter. We found traces of semen on the bed as well. Can you explain that?"

Hannibal stared at her for a moment. "This session is over."

Alana's eyes widened a moment. "Dr. Lecter-"

"I said it's over," snarled the man, canines glinting in the artificial light.

Alana let out a quiet gasp before nodding, getting up to knock on the door letting the orderly outside know that the meeting was over for the day. She moved out the doorway and busied herself, putting her documents and folders into the briefcase she had brought with her. Her eyes caught a photo of Will Graham in the position where the FBI found him. Looking down at it, she picked it up and looked to see Hannibal strapped up and on the trolley minus the anti-bite restraint mask. "Wait," she called out.

The orderlies looked at her as she approached Hannibal. Holding up the photo, she asked, "What do you see?" Alana knows that Hannibal was a forensic psychiatrist who sometimes consulted on cases with Jack before he was caught.

Hannibal's eyes looked at the photo, and she saw several emotions flash in his eyes before they dimmed to a shimmer of rage. "I see a young man full of secrets. Darkness. Potential. Hidden behind a mask of innocence and skittishness forced upon him by a vile creature. A young man with burdens weighing down his shoulders from people in higher ranks. A little lamb caught in the middle of pigs. All heading for slaughter."

Alana frowned at the dedication and looked at him. "Why keep him alive? Why not eat him as well?"

His eyes snapped towards her. "I eat pigs, Dr. Bloom. Not art. I appreciate that."

Alana blinked and watched as the orderlies put the mask on Hannibal's face before wheeling him out of the room. She watched them go before looking down at the photograph of a broken boy in her hand. She feels more like an Agent than a psychiatrist at the moment.

Alana slipped the photo into a briefcase before heading out of the room, mulling over this newest session. Hannibal talked as if he knew Will before this kidnapping. As if they were friends once upon a time.

With a determined look in her eye, Alana headed out of the building.

End Notes

Kudos and comments are appreciated!

If you have any questions about this or want to continue this story, feel free to ask in the comments!

I hope you enjoyed.

Come find me on my tumblr! Don't be afraid to dm me or even make requests <3

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!